And a man shall not onely endure this wrong,
But shall stand vnder the taunt of names,
Lucifer is a good name, *Barbason* good: good
Diuels names: But cuckold, wittoll, godso
The diuell himselfe hath not such a name:
And they may hang hats heere, and napkins heere
Vpon my hornes: Well Ile home, Ile ferit him,
And vnlesse the diuell himselfe should aide him,
Ile search vnpossible places: Ile about it,
Least I repent too late.

Exit omnes.

Enter M. Fenton, Anne Page, and Mistresse Quickly.

Fen. Tell me sweet *Nan*, how dost thou yet resolue,
Shall foolish *Slender* haue thee to his wife?
Or one as wise as he, the learned Doctor?
Shall such as they enioy thy maiden heart?
Thou knowst that I haue alwayes loued thee deare,
And thou hast oft-times swore the like to me.

Anne. Good M. *Fenton*, you may assure your selfe
My heart is setled vpon none but you,
Tis as my Father and Mother please:
Get their consent, you quickly shall haue mine.

Fen. Thy father thinks I loue thee for his wealth,
Though I must needs confesse at first that drew me,
But since thy vertues wiped that trash away,
I loue thee *Nan*, and so deare is it set,
That whilst I liue, I nere shall thee forget.

Quick. Gods pitty here comes her father.

Enter M. Page, his wife, M. Shallow, and Slender.

Page. M. *Fenton*, I pray what make you heere?

You

You know my answer sir, shee's not for you:
Knowing my vow, too blame you are to vse me thus.

Fen. Pray heare me speake sir.

Page. Pray sir get you gone:
Come hither daughter, Sonne *Slender*
Let me speake with you. *They whisper.*

Quick. Speake to Mistris *Page*.

Fen. Pray Mistris *Page* let me haue your consent.

Mis: Pa. Ifaith M. *Fenton* tis as my husband please,
For my part, Ile neyther hinder you, nor further you.

Quick. How say you, this was my doings,
I bad you speake to Mistris *Page*.

Fen. Here nurse, theres a brace of angels to drink,
Worke what thou canst for me, farwell.

Exit Fenton.

Quick. By my troth so I will, good hart.

Pa. Come wife, you & I will in, wee'l leaue M. *Slender*
And my daughter to talke together. M. *Shallow*,
You may stay sir if you please.

Exit Page and his Wife.

Shal: Marry I thanke you for that:
To her cousin, to her.

Slen: Ifaith I know not what to say.

Anne. Now M. *Slender*, what's your will?

Slen. Godeso, there's a iest indeed:
Why Mistris *Anne* I neuer made will yet:
I thanke God I am wise enough for that.

Shal. Fie cusse fie, thou art not right,
O thou hadst a Father.

Slen. I had a father Mistris *Anne*, good Vncle
Tell the Iest how my father stole the Goose out of

The